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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1855.

The Editors of THE CRAYON would not have it understood that they endorse the extracts they make from books or papers in all cases. The opinions of men are often given as matter of interest, although THE CRAYON might dissent entirely from them.

In order to distinguish between the communications by artists and those non-artistic, the former will, hereafter, in all cases, be signed in black letter, the latter, as usual, in Roman capitals.

MAS. M. A. DENNISON is authorized to obtain subscribers for THE CRAYON.

Sketchings.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TUPPER'S LAKE, October 5.

My last left me about sitting down to a dinner of freshly caught trout. I am not in principle an epicure, but I must say that I have attained to certain refinements of taste, among which is the capacity of distinguishing the superiority of the flavor of a trout just caught to that of one which has been out of the water several hours. We had, besides our trout, magnificent potatoes, good bread, with fresh butter, and a cup of tea! Having stretched the panther's skin, we took the boat and went to the falls again, to get the sunset fishing, which is usually good. It still rained at intervals, and though the blue sky had shown itself at times through the day, before the sun had fairly gone down the firmament was draped in the monotonous grey of the early morning, and gave no hope of a brighter morrow. We caught three or four trout and returned. We had excellent quarters for the night, and slept most delightfully, and the more soundly from the disturbances of the previous night.

Awakening in the morning, we found the wind still in the south, and the field of unbroken grey cloud still drifting overhead, as at the close of the day before. I walked down to the lake shore, and performed my ablutions, which being over, I passed the time until breakfast in loafing about the premises. The log cabin, or rather cabins, of Mr. Jenkins stand at the head of a deep bay, opening towards the mountain, which lies on the opposite side of the lake. There are six buildings on the clearing, giving it the air of a small settlement; and, in fact, in the winter, it is the dwelling-place of the lumbermen of the district. There is the cabin proper of one room twenty feet square, or thereabouts, with two of the corners curtained off as bed-rooms, then a buttery, a lodging-house in which the beds are arranged as berths, in two tiers, a barn, boat shop, and blacksmith shop. The clearing may contain perhaps twenty acres or more, and is most unpicturesquely dotted with black stumps, between which oats and turnips grow most luxuriantly. I walked along the edge of the water, to find subjects for foreground studies. The shore was covered with mingled bowlders and tufts of sedgy grass, and out in the water were lily leaves and rushes. There was nothing paintable especially, and I

had not found one good "bit" when the break fast horn blew.

I had given up finding the carved rocks, and was now in a quandary as to my next movements. The day was so disagreeable that I did not care to row back to the Raquette, and go up to Wolf Pond. Before us, now and then unveiled, was the top of Tupper's Lake Mountain, with hints of a glorious prospect thence; and indeed they tell me that sixty lakes can be seen from there. I determined to wait until the weather cleared up, and go to the top of the peak, if the clearing up was not too far distant.

To occupy ourselves in the meanwhile, I took my sketch book, and Steve borrowed Mr. Jenkins' rifle, and we walked back into the woods. Mr. J. said that from another clearing belonging to him, half a mile or so deeper in the forest, and on the side of a considerable elevation, a fine view of the whole lake might be had, and by following the wood-path for that distance, we emerged into an opening, covered with luxuriant oats, and stunted corn, and at the upper edge terminating in a slight bluff, to the top of which we climbed. The view was certainly very fine. The lake itself is about eight miles long, and across from the head of the bay, on which Mr. Jenkins had settled, to the opposite bay, it might have been three miles wide. From the farther shore, the mountain sloped gently, growing more precipitous as it rose, and making a bold summit, which seemed cloven by a ravine, through which the clouds occasionally drifted, hiding the farther and higher. Gorges, masked by sombre green firs, scored the broad side of the mountain, while on the ridges between the maples and birches, prevailed their golden and crimson tints. The summit for some distance was covered with firs alone. Beyond, another mountain swept in graceful curves down to the lower lands, and, far off to the eastward, trimmed close by the clouds, shorn to a dead level, were the main peaks of the Adirondacks, dim and blue. To the north were White Face, and the neighboring peaks nearer Lake Champlain, low on the horizon. The mountains around the Saranac Lakes were also visible farther to the north-west.

Tupper's Lake lies mainly north and south, but with two bends in its general contour, and containing many islands, between which we caught glimpses of the water even as far down as the Raquette. I took out my sketch book, and commenced an outline of the mountains opposite, when Steve, hearing the drumming of a partridge back in the woods, started off saying, "I am going to stop that fellow." Scarcely two minutes had elapsed, when the report of the rifle rang around the woods and echoed back and forth among the hills, and presently Steve returned, bringing the bird minus the top of his head. While he was reloading his rifle, a chipmunk mounted on a mossy boulder twelve or fifteen rods off, and began to chatter. In spite of my earnest entreaties Steve shot his head off promptly. I succeeded in saving the life of the second, who came up to discover what the strange sound meant.

My sketch finished, we walked back into the forest, and seating myself on a mossy cushion, I began some pencil studies of terminations of boughs of trees and trunks of saplings, material I had found the need of much, and had hitherto neglected in the study of grander features. Steve wandered away, and I drew in silence and alone. There was no sunlight, but the birches were flooded in gold, and the crimson and yellow-spotted-with-scarlet leaves of the maple came sailing and whirling down all around me, and falling with the most delicate tick on the bed of brown and half-decayed fallen leaves which carpeted the ground. I stayed here sketching until I imagined that it was dinner time, and Steve having preceded me, I took my way to the cabin.

The afternoon was passed in trolling, until near sunset, when we tried the fly-fishing at the falls again. The routine of the day before was gone through again, and to-day I have spent in loafing about, fishing a little, and listening to the yarns of the men, and at times frolicking with Mrs. J.'s little daughter three or four years old. The clouds promised to break away, in the morning, and gave us some glimpses of blue sky, with a passage or two of golden sunlight flitting along the flanks of the mountain, but the promise was false, and the sky is again as inexorable as ever. If it should clear up tomorrow morning, it will be too wet to travel on the mountain until the next day, and so long as there is an uncertainty as to the final clearing up, it will not pay to take the climb. At times the peak would be bare, but in a few minutes entirely shrouded again. To spend a half-day in clambering over slippery rocks, among bears and panthers, and find ourselves in a region of drenching mists, and under the necessity to return shortly—very shortly, or remain in the forest all night, is not particularly agreeable to think of, and though anxious to get the view, I do not think it worth the risk. I shall wait a little longer, however. In the meanwhile, I must study leader, drifting skies, and the glassy lake, with its mirror imagery of all above. Fragments of clouds steal along the hill-sides, and float up through the hidden ravines; but there is no sound, except at rare intervals the curious scream of the loon, a cry like a demoniac laugh, perfectly infernal in its mocking clearness and musical tone. It sounds like a heartless laugh from a voice of a purity of sound excelling all human voices I have ever heard, and then after several repetitions of this, there comes a scream with an intonation like the cry of a woman in distress, so piercing that you can hear it for miles. In the course of the day a loon came into the bay within rifle shot, when Jack Miller, an employee of Mr. Jenkins, went down to the shore with his rifle to get a shot at him. He succeeded in getting within fifty or sixty rods of him and fired. The loon always sits very deep in the water, so that very little but the head and short neck are visible, and therefore presents a small mark to fire at. Still, the ball struck his body just where the neck joins the

body, and at the edge of the water. I heard distinctly the sound of the ball striking, and saw the water fly where the ball glanced off from his feather mail without harming him. He dove, and rose out on the lake out of rifle range. After having seen this, I was prepared for Miller's ejaculation, "a loon is a hard bird to kill."

There is a fragmentary look about the clouds to windward, from which I hope something, but the oldest woodman here says, that until the wind changes there is little chance of clear weather—*Nous verrons.*

W. J. S.

GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL.

THOSE who are interested in the portrait art of this country, will do well to visit the Governor's Room in the City Hall. Here they will find the largest assemblage of portraits by distinguished American artists that exists in the country. The room is a large hall, over one hundred feet in length, lit only in front by a row of large windows, but now so obscured by curtains and dirt, that the many fine pictures it contains are inadequately lighted. Indeed, some of them cannot be made out at all. So little is the interest felt by the public in the gallery, that the room is seldom opened except on state occasions, such as the reception of a city guest, or the dispensation of corporation grog on holidays. The keeper informs us that not twenty people visit the gallery in the course of the year for the purpose of seeing the pictures. This is to be regretted, for among the pictures here are some of the best efforts of our best artists. As it is the only free gallery the people have, it should be taken advantage of.

The gallery can be seen at any time by applying at the keeper's room. Some years ago the then keeper was allowed to exact a fee of twenty-five cents for opening the room, but they were finally shamed out of it by the newspapers. The present keeper is very obliging, and willing to admit the visitor at his own will and convenience as to time. He will find a large number of portraits of State governors and mayors, and other distinguished characters, some of them quite old for this country, and many of them painted by such men as Jarvis, Vanderlyn, Inman, Page, and Elliott. A very curious looking picture, hung high up in an obscure light, purports to be a portrait of Gen. Bolivar, a great South American hero in the early times of our Republic. It looks more like a mummy than a living fleshy being. This picture was sold to the city by an old Jew picture-dealer named Levy, who picked it up in an auction sale of *old masters*, and palmed it off at a great price upon the corporation committee as a good likeness of the hero. So at least say the papers which were published a short time subsequent to the purchase.

One of the best heads in the room is that of Gov. Yates, by Vanderlyn. It is one of this artist's best pictures, and will give as good an idea of his abilities as his *Caius Marini*. But by far the most elaborate and successful effort at historical portraiture in the collection is

that of Governor Marcy, by William Page. It has undergone some sad changes since it was painted, some fifteen years ago, but with all decay and defacings of dust, which is hastening it to final destruction, it is a splendid portrait, a masterly specimen of color and effect. There is, perhaps, a want of decorative taste in the arrangement, and in some of the minor details; but its massive breadth, and its truthful flesh painting, distinguish it very much among its fellows in the same hall. There are two portraits here by Henry Inman; the first, that of Martin Van Buren, is one of his most elaborate works, and one, upon which he has said he was willing to have his fame rest. But in this estimate his friends will not probably all agree. The other, that of Gov. Seward, is a better illustration of his manner, and would be at once recognized by those familiar with his style. The prominence which he has given to the governor's sprawling legs will for ever perpetuate in the mind of the observer that deformity, at the expense of whatever else, more noble, the distinguished statesman might be memorable for. A portrait of General Lafayette, by Morse, the original of the most generally received engraving of the great beloved of Americans, is very offensive in color, but in other respects, a spirited and, doubtless, correct likeness. Elliott is represented by two most excellent portraits. They are with much reason popularly considered the best in the gallery. Perhaps the most interesting pictures here, are portraits of the heroes of the last war, many of them by Jarvis, and very fair specimens of his abilities. They have a spirit and dash about them quite in keeping with the characters of their originals.

The old standard prices for these portraits was a thousand dollars for a full length, and five hundred for a half length. But in these days of honest retrenchment, only half, and in some instances but one quarter of these sums have been paid. First-rate artists will not paint for such prices, and the consequence will be, that no more very good pictures will be painted for this gallery.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE PROPHET has fully realized public expectation, and the great enterprise necessary for its production in its present form has been received by full and appreciative audiences. This opera was the third great effort of its composer, produced at the grand opera in Paris. We consider Meyerbeer as the greatest musical artist of his day. No man has ever written for the lyric stage who preserved such a happy combination of all the necessities of the opera. A great master of accessories, he does not use them as others do, for vulgar display, but as a necessary means for working out a grand result. Every act, every scene, and every dramatic situation, has its due proportion of effective scenery. His is a Shakespearian grasp of the whole details of his art.

The varied proportions of a great genius are seen in the consummate perfection of the Prophet. The opera, though it takes four hours

for its performance, sustains its interest in a most remarkable degree. One's interest does not tire for an instant. Indeed the audience seemed too much rapt for the expression of that applause which their intense silence most eloquently suggested. We never saw an audience before more constant to the progress of a performance. What greater praise can be said?

Madame La Grange, in the character of Fides, has already won European laurels, with the good fortune of having had the personal instructions of Meyerbeer, under whose instructions she appeared in this part in Vienna. Her voice is a pure sympathetic tenor, and especially in the high notes, of remarkable sweetness and purity. Nothing could exceed the scene in the fourth act, where she denies her son. It was a wonderful display of dramatic power. We are convinced that, as an actress, she has had no superior in this country except Rachel.

Miss Hensler, as the persecuted and unfortunate Bertha, sang with delicious, timid sweetness, and carried the sympathies of the audience from the commencement. She appears a little unused to the business of the stage, and as a result of her Italian education, not quite equal to the vigorous method which Meyerbeer demands. The audience was evidently kindly disposed towards her.

Signors Morelli, Gasparoni and Arnoldi, as the Anabaptists, were all that could be desired, particularly Morelli. Salvani also gave great satisfaction.

Great praise is due to the management for the superb manner in which this opera has been produced. Nothing equal to it has ever been seen in this country, and it will probably never be again equalled. The greatest care has been bestowed upon the costumes and scenery. Some of the stage effects, as the cathedral scene, are as good in every respect, as we have seen in the great opera houses of the old world.

(From the *Independent*.)

MR. STILLMAN has also been ill, and has produced we understand but one picture, which we shall probably see in the Exhibition. Mr. Stillman's illness has also had an unfavorable influence on the columns of *THE CRAYON*, which has hardly satisfied of late the expectations of its readers. * * * It seems to us that "THE CRAYON" lacks earnestness, and has altogether mistaken the road to be travelled by those who would awaken an interest in the arts among our people. If art is worth talking about at all, it is worth talking about in a vigorous, sensible manner, and in plain terms. Art has too long been a luxury for the exclusive use of dilettanti and caviare to the general—we submit that the way in which *THE CRAYON* treats it is hardly calculated to extend its sphere.

CLARENCE COOK.

Poor Cook!

MR. THACKERAY's opening lecture was delivered to one of the most select and attentive audiences we have ever seen in New York. The lecturer was greeted as he entered with a warmth which told volumes for the American estimation of him. We doubt if there is another eminent Englishman who has visited this country, who would be so warmly welcomed back again as he has been. The opening lecture, though on a time which is noted for nothing so much

as its moral pollution, and though treating that peculiarity with perfect freedom from super-refinement, and even in some cases with a boldness which would, with any hesitation on the part of the lecturer, have made the result disastrous to him, was a successful anatomizing of the kingly bestiality of the times of the first George. There could have been no better testimony to the high point of view from which Mr. Thackeray looked at the vices he depicted, than the fixed attention his audience gave him, and the quiet but hearty applause which occasionally was called out. The lecturer abounded in picturesque points most artistically presented.

THE Life and Anterior Schools of the National Academy of Design are open for the season, as our readers will notice in the advertisement on our first page.

MASTODON REMAINS.

The remains of a very large Mastodon have been lately discovered on the Eastern branch of Cooper River. Some of the bones are in a good state of preservation, and have been presented to Professor Holmes for the museum of the College of Charleston, by their discoverer, Wm. Harleston, Esq., of the Hat plantation, St. John's Berkley. A large tooth of the same animal has also been received from John Harleston, Esq., of the Bluff plantation.

From the character of the earth adhering to the bones, Professor Holmes concludes they must have been taken from the stratum known to geologists as the Post Pleiocene of Lyell, or perhaps from a deposit of a more recent date. It consists of a concretion of loose sand and gravel, consolidated by ferruginous infiltrations. With these bones are fragments of the shell or carapace of a fresh water terrapin.

The name of *mastodon* signifies *nipple-tooth*, and is derived from the Greek. It was so called, because the molars or grinders have their surfaces covered with several transverse tubercles, or conical crests. When worn by age, those protuberances become truncated into a lozenge form. From the structure and form of these grinders, they are well adapted for the bruising and mastication of crude vegetables, roots, and aquatic reeds and plants. The animal had no incisors, but two tusks, and a trunk or proboscis, like the elephant. Bones and teeth of this colossal quadruped, are frequently found in a remarkably fresh and well-preserved state throughout the plains of North America, from the Great Lakes to Texas; but the most celebrated locality is in Kentucky, and called the Big-Bone Lick. It is a marshy tract, or morass, abounding in salt and brakish water, and frequented by deer, and other animals, who would lick the saline particles from the surface; hence the name *lick*.

The bottom of this bog, or lick, consists of a fetid mud, intermingled with sand and vegetable matter; and in this, bones of great magnitude occur in profusion. They are found at moderate depths, with no marks of detrition, and therefore it is evident these animals lived and died in the country where their relics are entombed. Sometimes the entire skeleton is found in a vertical position, as if it had sunk in the mire. One found in New Jersey in a bog of black earth was in this position, with its head on a level with the surface of the soil, just as you frequently see cows bogged in our marshes at the present day.

The Mastodon was not unlike the elephant in form and size, but somewhat longer and thicker. Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, possesses the most perfect skeleton yet found; it is seventeen feet long, twelve feet high, and sixteen feet five inches in circumference around the ribs. The

entire length of the tusks is ten feet eleven inches, and length of tail six feet eight inches. One tooth weighs four pounds.

No living instance of this creature is on record; its race has long been extinct, and these colossal bones have evidently been buried in the earth for ages—long, long before man, and the animals which are his contemporaries, were created.

The Indians believe that men of similar proportions were coeval with the Mastodon, and that the Great Spirit destroyed both with his thunder.—*Charleston Mercury*.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

WORK FOR SCULPTORS IN FRANCE.—The Louvre, when completed, will exhibit a magnificent gallery of statues, representing the statesmen, churchmen, philosophers, historians, poets, and artists of France. The following list is taken from a French paper.

Among the statesmen and ministers appear the names of Suger, de Lhôpital, Sully, d'Aguesseau, Richelieu, Mathieu Molé, Mazarin, Colbert, Vauban, Turgot, Malesherbes, Fontanes. Literature, history and philosophy will be represented by either a statue or bust of Marot, Malherbe, Corneille, Racine, Rotrou, Molière, Lafontaine, Boileau, Labrûière, André Chénier, Casimir Delavigne, Etienne Châteaubriand, Lessage, Beaumarchais, Eginaud, Grégoire de Tours, Froidard, de Thou, Mézeray, Champollion jeune, Volney, Saint-Simon, Abaillard, Rabelais, Descartes, Montaigne, Pascal, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Condillac, Buffon, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire. The clergy by Saint-Bernard, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Amyot Massillon. Science by Bernard de Palissy, Cuvier, Chaptal, Lagrange, Laplace, Berthollet, Réaumur, Fourcroy, Monge, Gassendi, Papin, Arago, Bichat, Daguere. Architects by Robert de Lurzache, architect of the cathedral of Amiens; Martin Cambiche, architect of the cathedrals of Beauvais and of Troyes. Jean Bulan, Libéral Bruant, Mansart de Sagonne, architect of Versailles; Desbrosses, who built the Luxembourg, the palais de justice, and the portal of Saint-Gervais; Pierre Lescot, Ducerf, Dupérac, Lemercier, Perrault, architect of the Louvre; Philibert Delorme, Léonard, Perier, Fontaine, Visconti.

The arts of Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and Music, by Jean Cousin, Claude Lorrain, Lescure, Philippe de Champagne, Lebrun, Jouvenet, Poussin, Van-de-Meulen, Rigaud, Joseph Vernet, Watteau, Vien, David, Guérin, Denon, Girodet, Gérard, Gros, Géricault, Janet, Varin, Goujon, Puget, Sarrazin, Augier, Coysevox, Coustou, Houdon, Germaine Pilon, Lepautre, Clodion, Pigalle, Edelinck, Nanteuil, Andran, Rameau, Grétry, Chérubin, Paë, Méhul, Lekain, and Talma.

A NUMBER of antique paintings, discovered at Rome, upon the Via Graziosa, have just been restored by order of the Pope, and placed in the library of the Vatican, in gilded frames. The collection consists of seven historical pictures, relating to the travels of Ulysses, according to the 10th and 11th books of the *Odyssey*. In these agreeable compositions, the perspective is perfectly given, and all the parts are arranged with remarkable harmony. They represent historical and mythological incidents, illustrating manners and details of costume. There are numerous figures of celebrated personages, all of whom are designated by their names over-head, written in Greek characters.—*French paper*.

MR. BRODIE, R.A. of Edinburgh, is about to execute a bust of the Poet-Laureate. At Forfar, a monument to the late Joseph Hume is in progress.—*Athenaeum*.

THE Committee of the Architectural Museum, Cannon Row, has accepted an offer from the Government Department of Art at Marlborough House, to contribute the sum of 100*l*. to their institution for the ensuing year, under the following conditions:—viz, that 100 students from Marlborough House shall have free access to the Museum and lectures during the twelve-month, and that, if required, the Government Lecturers shall have the use of certain casts in head-quarters.—*Athenaeum*.

PARIS is the paradise of architects; for this winter the following campaign is sketched:—a wonderful bill of fare for masons and *ouvriers*. Central markets, new Post-Office, Place du Châtellet, Hôtel of the Central Hospital Administration, Place de l'Hôtel de Ville (angle of the Quay), Hôtel of the Caisse de Poissy, Hôtel de Ville (fourth arrondissement), Place du Louvre (continued), Palais de Justice (enlarged), Barrack of the Château d'Eau, Artillery Barracks, and Hôtel of the Caisse des Dépôts, Quai Malakoff.—*Athenaeum*.

M. ARLES DUFOUR, Secretary, of the Paris Exhibition, has announced in the French journals that the Jury on Fine Arts will reassemble on the 15th, at 11 o'clock. It will be remembered that on their first meeting in July they adjourned until October.—*Athenaeum*.

An emblematical statue of Law has just been erected, after twenty-five years' delay, in the Place du Palais Législatif at Paris. Justice may be shortly expected, since Law has reappeared, say the *blouses*.—*Athenaeum*.

THE Berlin sculptor, Herr Alsfinger, has finished, at Bonn, the models of a bust as well as of a statue of the veteran patriot, E. M. Arndt. The former is to be executed in marble for the Aula of the University of Bonn;—the latter, when cast, will be erected at Greifswald.—*Athenaeum*.

THE *Deutsches Kunstblatt* contains an engraving of Wredon's group for the Castle Bridge at Berlin. It represents Victory ascending to heaven with the body of a dead hero. The palm-tree in her hand looks so like a birch, that we might suppose her about to administer corporal punishment to an overgrown schoolboy. The helmet on the ground, too, does not well compose. Apart from this the figures are grand, and the subject and treatment original.—*Athenaeum*.

THE BRIDGE.

FROM GRAF VON AUERSPERG.

There's a wondrous bridge, my lady,
In the softest clime I know,
Where with sweetest breath of balsam
Winds of Spring eternal blow.

From one heart unto another
Leads this bridge's wondrous way;
Love it is who guards the portal,
Ope to those who own his sway.

Love it is the bridge that buildeth,
Roses are the means supplied;
O'er it soul seeks soul in union,
As a bridegroom seeks his bride.

Love has spanned and capped the arches,
Decked it with its fair array;
Love, too, gathereth the taxes,
Kisses are the tolls to pay.

Wouldst thou willingly, sweet maiden,
See this wondrous bridge of mine,
Then it is that thou must lend me,
If we build it, help of thine.

From thy bough then drive the shadows,
Smile but on me, if thou will!
Then let's lay our lips together
And the bridge will soon be built.

—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

W.